

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Tuesday, May 21. 1706.

I Cannot but acknowledge the last Review a little wide of the State of things, as they were known to be, when it came out; and since I am so worried with Observers and Rehearers, who catch at even the very Slips of the Press, and will not allow me to speak Sense, much less to speak to the Purpose; I cannot but take Notice of it my self, viz. that the last Review being printed the very day the Express arriv'd of the glorious Victory obtain'd by the Duke of *Marlborough* at *Ramellies*, the Paper seem'd like a Son born out of Season.

But who dream't of a Victory, and that too, before we thought all the Troops were come together? the Duke of *Marlborough*, born to surprize the World, makes all our Diviners mad, out-runs our Conjectures, and brings Actions on the Stage of the World, that the most penetrating Head never entertain'd a Thought of.

Our Accounts of these things are so extraordinary, and we are so fill'd with Amazement at every particular; The complicated Wonders of his Conduct surmount our Description, and I shall not enter upon it; but have therefore chosen to give Vent to my own Thoughts in the following Lines.

I know, some People will miss the Jingle, and like the Pack-Horse that tires without his Bells, be weary of the Lines for Want of the Rhyme; but the Subject has so much Musick in it, I doubt not, it will make amends for the Chime.

I suppose, no body will imagine, I have been many Days about them; and when I assure them, they are the Birth of three Hours, they will first of all excuse their being something incorrect; and secondly, acknowledge the Subject very inspiring.

ON

On the Fight at RAMELLIES.

SAY, *Britains* ! felt you nothing in your Souls,
 No *Anxious Thoughts*, no *Trembling* deep Concern ?
 Were there no *Sighings*, *Sympathetick Shocks*,
 No *Palpitations*, *Anti-Pulse*, and *Throbs*
 Of Nature *beating* on the Souls *Reverse* ?
 No *Hypochondriack Vapour* spreading 'ore
 The Mind with *Clouds* and *Mist* of anxious Thought,
Fore-boding ill, tho' unaccountable ?
 How could the vast Concern be acting there,
 And Nature feel no *Pressures*, tho' remote ?
 When *Marlb'rough* shake't the mighty Gage of War,
 And play'd the dreadful Game of *England's Fate* :

When strong *Triumphant Death* o're-gorg'd with Blood,
 Bid *France* desist th' *unequal Strife*, and fly ;
 Whisper'd *Bavaria*, that 'twas vain to strive,
 And grasp that *Fame* to *Marlb'rough's* Terrors due.

Where fled the *angry Spirits* from the Field,
 When Wounds dismiss'd them from their *Cage* of *Flesh* ?
 Were there no *Hurries* in the crowded Air,
 Where Souls retaining all the Seeds of Rage,
Renew'd the War, and fighting as they pass'd,
 Rais'd Storms and strong *Convulsions* in th' *Abyss*,
 Which, felt by *Universal Nature*, might inform,
 'That something dreadful was *Transacting* there ?

When *Marlb'rough* FELL. — When *Britain's Champion* sunk,
 And th' eager *Troops* press'd to the mighty Game,
 Was there no *Earthquake* here ? No *Central Groans*,
 No *Damp*, *Involuntary Sadness*, or *Retreat*
 Of *Spirits* to the Heart ?
 As distant *Fate* of *Friends* to each is known,
 By *Sympathetick Convers* of their *Souls* ?

'Tis strange, the *World of Spirits* should employ
 No *Aery Envoy* to convey the Hint ;
 And tell, without the *Helps of Voice*, how near
Britannia's Fate was touch'd in *Marlb'rough's* Fall.
 The *Hercle*, crush'd with th' *unusual pond'rous Weight*
 Of rising *Glory*, fell beneath the Load ;
 That like *Ancus*, touch'd by *Mother-Earth*,
 He might with *doubled Strength* renew the fight.

Tell us, ye *Sons of Terror*, when that Day,
 You saw your *General* fall, and thought him slain ;
 When shouting *Legions* thought the Blow was given,
 And press'd *Triumphing* the *Distracted* L E F T ;

When

When undetermin'd Victory kept aloft,
 And hover'd doubtful; Tell your anxious Thoughts,
 How on meer Valour fainting Hopes depended;
 And all your high Ambition seem'd, confin'd
 To dying Brave ———

But say, immortal Numbers, if our Song
 May high Extremes of Passions represent,
 What Life from Death, what high succeeding Joy
 Inflam'd your Minds, when his remounted Plumes
 Proclaim'd his Safety! when redoubl'd Fury
 His Breast inspir'd; and in his Turn, he press'd
 Th'advancing French with Terrors, like his Name
 Invincible: and from their Conquering Hands
 Pluck't VICTORY by Force! nor suffer'd then,
 The Partial Goddess from his Sight to stir,
 Chain'd her to his Triumphant Standards, and,
 As Valours Crown, bestow'd her on his Troops,
 A Captive, taken Prisoner by their Arms.

Great Louis! For there's Justice always due
 To waning Glory, as the high Reward
 Of mighty Deeds; so Jove became a God,
 And Nations first admir'd, and then ador'd.

Rais'd to Fame's Summit, nothing can remain,
 No Hope, no Wish, but to come gently down;
 Not leap the Precipice of Pride, a Heights
 Stupendous, and hanging ghastly o're
 Shame's Gulph, whose deep, bears due proportion'd Measure
 To every mounting Step we take in Crime.

Bear, mighty Man, great like thy self, thy Fate;
 Concur with Heaven; his Patience recognise,
 And own thy Glory's now fixt Period just;
 Fame built on Crime does seldom last like thine.
 And, but Heavens scourge the Nations to chastise,
 Long since just Vengeance had o'return'd thy Power;
 Obey the Caution. Now shake Hands with Fame,
 See thy bright Trophies fade, by Marlborough's Fire
 Scorcht. And as sulphureous Vapours blasting kill;
 Thy Lillies dye, struck with the pointed Dart
 Of a superiour Glory. See thy Hopes
 And all thy Conquests from thy glittering Hand,
 Reviv'd: by growing Vertue, arm'd with Right,
 And steel'd with Vengeance; in its Nature fierce
 And irresistible.

Yield up the Nations by thy Iron Hands,
 Groaning oppress'd, and loose Europa's Chains,
 By Force injurious now too long impos'd.